thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds, I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if he ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure; yea and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not hee riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

*He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.*

*Prin.* Come, brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

*Iohn.* But ſoft, who haue wee heere?
Did you not tell mee this fat man was dead?

*Prin.* I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, wee will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

*Falſ.* No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to bee either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

*Prince.* VVhy, *Percy* I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

*Falſ.* Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you, I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh; if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a piece of my Sword.

*Iohn.* This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

*Prince.* This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For



For my part, if a lie will doe thee grace,
Ile guild it with the happieſt termes I haue.

*A retreate is ſounded.*

*Prin.* The Trumpet ſounds retreat, the day is our
Come, brother, let's to the higheſt of the Field,
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead.

*Fal.* Ile follow, as they ſay, for reward: He that
God reward him. If I do grow great, ile grow leſſe
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanely, as a Nobleman

*The Trumpets ſound, enter the* King, Prince *of* W
Iohn *of* Lancaſter, *Earle of* VVeſtmerland
VVorceſter *and* Vernon *priſoners.*

*King.* Thus euer did rebellion finde rebuke,
Ill-ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and termes of loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlayne to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truely borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to,
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on me.

*King.* Beare *Worceſter* to the death, and *Vernon* to
Other offenders we will pauſe vpon.
How goes the Field?

*Prince.* The noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when he
The fortune of the day turn'd quite from him,
The noble *Percy* ſlayne and all his men,
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with the reſt:
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.